

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my Lord pardon me,  
Though I am bound to every Acte of dutie,  
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:  
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?  
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,  
Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions  
Keepe Lectes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit  
With meditations lawfull?

*Oth.* Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care  
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse  
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague  
To spy into Abuses, and of my ieioultie  
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom  
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble  
Out of his scattering, and vntrue obseruance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou meane?

*Iago.* Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)  
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;  
Who steales my purse, steales trash:  
'Tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:  
But he that filches from me my good Name;  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poore indeed.

*Oth.* Ile know thy Thoughts.  
*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custodie.

*Oth.* Ha?

*Iago.* Oh, beware my Lord, of ieioultie,  
It is the Greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke  
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,  
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:  
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,  
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

*Oth.* O ieioultie.

*Iago.* Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,  
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,  
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:  
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend  
From ieioultie.

*Oth.* Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of ieioultie;  
To follow (kill the changes of the Moone  
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,  
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule  
To such exufficate, and blow'd Surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Ieioultie,  
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,  
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:  
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.  
Nor from mine owne weak merites, will I draw  
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,  
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;  
And on the prooue, there is no more but this,  
Away at once with Loue, or Ieioultie.

*Ia.* I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason  
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you  
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)  
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of prooue:  
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,  
Weare your eyes, thus: not Ieioultie, nor Secure:  
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,  
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:  
I know our Country disposition well:  
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks  
They dare not shew their Husbands.

Their best Conscience,  
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* She did decciue her Father, marrying you,  
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your looks,  
She lou'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why go too then:  
Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming  
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,  
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.

But I am much too blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much louing you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:  
*Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I feare it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from your Loue.

But I do see y'are mou'd:

I am to pray you, not to straine my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Then to Suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so (my Lord)  
My speech should fall into such vild successe,  
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.  
*Cassio's* my worthy Friend:

My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mou'd:

I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

*Iago.* Long liue she so;

And long liue you to thinke so.

*Oth.* And yet how Nature errs from it selfe.

*Iago.* I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)  
Not to affect many proposed Matches  
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,  
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:  
Foh, one may line in such a will most ranke,  
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnatural.  
But (pardon me) I do not in position  
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare  
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,  
May fall to match you with her Country formes,  
And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:  
Set on thy wife to obserue.

Leaue me *Iago*.

*Iago.* My Lord, I take my leaue.

*Othel.* Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doublelesse)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes.

*Iago*

*Iago.* My Lord, I would I might increat your Honor  
To scan this thing no farther: Leauet it to time,  
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;  
For sure he fills it vp with great Ability;  
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:  
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:  
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment  
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,  
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,  
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,  
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)

And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

*Oth.* Feare not my gouernment.

*Iago.* I once more take my leaue.

*Oth.* This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit  
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,  
Though that her selfe were my deere heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde  
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,  
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation  
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)  
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe  
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!  
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,  
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,  
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,  
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue  
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,  
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Bafe,  
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:  
Even then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,  
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter *Desdemona* and *Emilia*.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:  
Ile not beleue't.

*Des.* How now, my deere *Othello*?  
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders  
By you inuited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am too blame.

*Des.* Why do you speake so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

*Des.* Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.  
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your Napkin is too little:

Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

*Emil.* I am glad I haue found this Napkin:  
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,  
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,  
(For he coniu'd her, she should euer keepe it)  
That she referres it euermore about her,  
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,  
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it  
Heauen knowes, not I:  
Nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter *Iago*.

*Iago.* How now? What do you heere alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

*Iago.* You haue a th

It is a common thing

*Emil.* Hah?

*Iago.* To haue a fool

*Emil.* Oh, is that

For that same Handker

*Iago.* What Handk

*Emil.* What Han

Why that the Moore fi

That which so often yo

*Iago.* Haft stolne it

*Emil.* No; but she

And to th'aduantage, I

Looke, heere 'tis.

*Iago.* A good wench

*Emil.* What will

so earnest to haue me fi

*Iago.* Why, what is

*Emil.* If it be not

Gi'u't me againe. Poor

When she shall lacke i

*Iago.* Be not acknow

I haue vs for it. Go,

I will in *Cassio's* Lodg

Are to the ieioultie, co

As proofes of holy W

The Moore already ch

Dangerous conceites,

Which at the first are

But with a little acte v

Burne like the Mines o

Ent

Looke where he comes

Nor all the drowfie Sy

Shall euer medicine th

Which thou ow'd'st ye

*Oth.* Ha, ha, false

*Iago.* Why, how no

*Iago.* Auant, be gon

I sweare 'tis better to

Then but to know't a

*Iago.* How now, m

*Oth.* What sense ha

I saw't not, thought it

I slept the next night w

I found not *Cassio's* kiss

He that is robb'd, nor v

Let him not know't, an

*Iago.* I am sorry to

*Oth.* I had bene ha

Pyoners and all, had ra

So I had nothing know

Farewell the Tranquill

Farewell the plumed T

Thas makes Ambition

Farewell the neighing

The Spirit-stirring Dr

The Royall Banner, an

Pride, Pompe, and Cir

And O you mortall En

Th'immortall Ioues dr

Farewell: *Othello's* Oc

*Iago.* Is't possible, n

*Oth.* Villaine, be su

Be sure of it: Giue me